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THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubois, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER III.

CECILIA.

But it was written in the book of my destiny that I should meet Celio on my way. I reached Cecilia's box, knocked, and some one opened; instead of the sweet and sad face of the cantatrice, I saw the angry visage of the debutant, who received me with a scornful glance and these insolent words: "What do you want, sir?"

"I thought I knocked at Signora Boccaferri's door," answered I; "has she changed her box?"

"No, no, this is it!" cried Cecilia from within. "Come in, Signor Salentini, I am very glad to see you."

I entered; she was changing her costume behind a screen. Celio sat down upon the sofa; without speaking to me, and even without deigning to pay the least attention to my presence, he resumed the conversation where I had interrupted it. To tell the truth, it was rather a monologue than a conversation. He went on with his exclamations and his curses, sending to the devil the dull and stupid pit of Germans, tipplers as cold as their beer, as pale as their coffee. The boxholders were no better used.—"I know that I sang badly and acted worse," said he to Boccaferri, as if in reply to a remark she had made before I came in; "but who could be inspired before three rows of diplomatic asses and frightful dowagers? Cursed be the thought that made me choose Vienna for my début! Nowhere are the women so ugly, the air so close, life so dull, and

men so stupid. Below, brutes freeze you, above, monsters frighten you. There are devils everywhere. I was like my audience, insipid and detestable!"

The naïveté of this tirade reconciled me to Celio. I told him that as an Italian and his countryman, I proclaimed against his sentence, and said I had not listened coldly, but protested against the severity of the public.

At these advances, he raised his head, looked me full in the face, and came to me with outstretched hand: "Ah! yes!" said he, "you were in one of the stage boxes, with the Duchess de —. You sustained me, I noticed that; Cecilia Boccaferri, my kind companion, observed it too. That jade of a duchess deserted me too! but you struggled till the last moment. Well, give me your hand; I thank you. It seems that you also are an artist, that you have talent and success. It is a good thing to wish to assure and console the fallen! it will bring you good fortune."

He spoke so quickly, with such a firm accent, and so free a cordiality, that, although shocked by the harsh expression which he applied to the duchess, so lately my love, I could not resist his advances, or remain unmoved by the pressure of his hand. I have always judged people by this sign. A cold hand annoys me, a damp hand disgusts me, a dry pressure irritates me, a hand which only touches the tips of my fingers frightens me; but a hand soft and warm, which knows how to press mine without hurting it, and which does not hesitate to give its whole palm to a manly hand, inspires me with confidence and quick sympathy. Some observers of the human race judge by the expression, some by the shape of the forehead, some by the voice, others by the smile, others by the handwriting, &c. But I believe that the man shines through every detail of his being, and that every action is an index to his character. So that if one has time, all is to be examined; but from the very first, I own that I am won or repulsed by the first shake of the hand.

I sat down by Celio, and strove to console him for his disappointment, in speaking to him of his resources and his sure talents. "Do not flatter me, do not spare me," cried he frankly; "I was bad and deserved a fall; but do not judge me, I beseech you, by this miserable début. I am better than that. Only I am not bold enough to be self-possessed in the cold. I need an audience that inspires me; and I found one to-night, that, from the very first, could only tolerate me. I felt wounded and vexed, before the trial; when I came on the stage I was chilled and struck by a gloomy presentiment. Anger is good sometimes, but it must act with the will. Mine was

not sufficiently cooled, neither was it hot enough: and I sank under it. O my poor mother! if you had been there, you would have inspired me by your presence, and I should have been worthy to bear your name! Sleep well, under the cy- press, dear saint! This is the first time that I ever rejoiced that your eyes are forever closed upon me!"

A great tear ran down Celio's glowing cheek. This sincerity, this enthusiasm towards his mother, and his expansion before me, effaced all the bad effects of his appearance on the stage. I was softened, and felt that I loved him. Then, in seeing how truly beautiful he was, how thrilling his tones and sympathetic his expression, I forgave the duchess for loving him two days; I could not forgive her for loving him no longer.

It remained for me to find out whether he was loved also by Cecilia Boccaferri. She left her dressing room and sat down between us, taking us both by the hand, and turning to me, she said: "It is the first time that I press your hand, but it is with all my heart. You have come to console my poor Celio, the friend of my childhood, the son of my benefactress, almost my brother. But it is easy for you; I know you are a noble soul, and that true talent possesses kindness and frankness. Listen, Celio," said she, as if struck by a sudden idea; "go and change your costume; it is high time. I have a few words to say to Monsieur Salentini. You will come back after me, so that we can all go home together."

Celio went without hesitation and with perfect confidence. Was he then so sure of her fidelity to him? or was he not Cecilia's lover? And why should he be? Why should I have thought of it, when perhaps they never had?

All this passed quickly and confusedly through my mind. I still held Cecilia's hand in mine; I had kept it there, and she did not seem to dislike it. I questioned the mysterious fibres of that little hand, rather strong, slightly warm, and very calm, while I plunged into the depths of the large and grave eyes of the cantatrice; but a woman's eyes and hands are not so easily read as a man's. My skill in observing and my delicacy of perception have often enlightened or betrayed me according to the sex.

By a very natural movement to draw up her shawl, the Boccaferri withdrew her hand as soon as we were alone, without turning her eyes away from me.

"Monsieur Salentini," said she, "you are attentive to the Duchess de X—, and you were jealous of Celio to-night, but you are so no longer? Am I not right? You see you have no reason to be so."

"I am not sure but that I might have been

jealous of Celio had I been paying my court to the duchess," replied I, drawing near to the Boccaferri; "but I swear to you that I am not jealous, for she is not the woman I love."

Cecilia lowered her eyes, but with an expression of dignity and not uneasiness.

"I do not question your secrets," said she; "I am not so indiscreet. They cannot excite my curiosity; but I speak frankly. I would give my life for Celio. I know that some women of the world are very dangerous, and it has pained me to see him visit some of them. I foresaw that his beauty would be fatal to him, and perhaps his misfortune of-night is the result of intrigue and jealousy. You know the world better than I; I go into it sometimes to sing and observe without seeming to. Well, I saw Celio kissed to-night by people who promised their plaudits this morning, and I believe I understood some little dramas in the boxes near us. I also observed your generosity, and it touched me deeply. Celio, even during his short stay in Vienna, has made enemies. I am not in a position to save him from them; but when I have an opportunity of making and keeping a noble friendship for him, I must not neglect it. Celio did not aspire to please the duchess; that is all I had to say to you, Signor Salentini, and I can affirm that upon my honor, for Celio has no secrets from me, and I questioned him about that before you came in."

Every one knows the figure he makes when he finds the place occupied which he dreamed of conquering. I did my best to hide my disappointment.

"Kind Cecilia," answered I, "I assure you I do not care, and I give Celio permission to be or not to be the lover of the duchess, without changing my sympathy for him in the least, my impartiality as a critic, or my zeal as a friend. Yes, I will be his friend from the bottom of my heart, since he is yours, for you are one of those persons whom I esteem most highly. You understand it so, since you have so frankly told me the secret of your heart, and I thank you for it."

"The secret of my heart!" cried the Boccaferri, with a sincere tone which amazed me. "What secret?"

"Are you then so absorbed as to have told me without knowing it of your love for Celio, or have you already forgotten it?"

Boccaferri began to laugh. I had never seen her laugh before, and a laugh also is a sign to study. Her grave and reserved face seemed hardly made for gaiety, and yet that ray of mirth lit it up with a beauty I did not know to be hers. It was the fresh, harmonious laugh of a kind and merry little girl.

"Yes, yes," said she, "I have been very absent-minded to have talked as I did about Celio, without knowing that you must have supposed me to be in love with him; but what of it? It would be pedantic in me to defend myself, for it must seem very natural to you, and at all events very indifferent to you."

"Very natural, possibly—very indifferent—that too may be possible; but I beg you to explain yourself;" and I caught hold of Cecilia's arm with an involuntary brusquerie which I regretted in a moment, for she looked at me with astonishment, as if I had brushed away a spider or saved her from a burn. So I calmed myself and added: "I long to know if I am enough of a friend to be

confided in, or only so little of a friend that you care not to be known by me."

"Neither the one nor the other," answered she. "If I had such a secret, I must say that I should not confide it to you without knowing you and proving you better; but as I have no such secret, I am willing you should know me as I am. I will explain my devotion to Celio, and first will tell you that Celio has two sisters and a little brother, for whom I would devote myself even more, because they may need a woman's protection more than he. O yes, if I were independent, I would consecrate myself to filling the place of Floriani to her children; for the being that I love with passion and enthusiasm is a name, a departed woman, a holy souvenir, the great and good Lucrezia Floriani!"

The thought crossed me that an hour ago the duchess had charged her fondness to Celio upon an old friendship with his mother. The duchess was thirty years old, like the Boccaferri. The Floriani died at forty, having left the stage some twelve or fourteen years before.—Had these women known her so very much? I do not know why it seemed so improbable to me. I feared lest the name of Floriani served Celio better with women than with the public.

I do not know whether my doubt was visible in my face, or if Cecilia naturally anticipated my objection, for she said without changing; "And yet I never saw her more than five or six times in my life, and our longest intimacy was but a fortnight long, when I was still a child."

She paused; I did not break the silence; I watched her. A doubtful embarrassment came over her, but she soon continued: "It pains me to tell you why my heart is devoted to the worship of this woman, but I presume I shall tell you nothing new. My father, you know, is an excellent man, of ardent, generous soul and superior intelligence—or, perhaps you do not know that; and you only know with the rest of the world, that he has always lived in disorder, carelessness and want. He was too agreeable not to have a great many friends; he made new ones every day, because he pleased, but he never kept any, for he was incorrigible, and their aid could never cure his imprudence or his delusions. The list of those to whom we are indebted would be long indeed; but only one person has a right to our eternal adoration. Only one among the others, one only in the world never wearied of saving us every day, sometimes oftener. Inexhaustible in patience, in forbearance, in understanding and in her generosity, the great Floriani never despised my father, and never humiliated him by her pity or her reproach. Never did these cruel and bitter words escape her lips: 'That poor man had talent, but poverty has degraded him.' No! Floriani said: 'Jacopo Boccaferri may do his best, he can never be anything but a genius!' and it was true; but to see that, one must be his daughter or the great artist Lucrezia.

For twenty years, from the day she first saw him to the day she died, she treated him with the confidence of a friend who never doubts. She knew, at the bottom of her heart, that her gifts would not enrich him, and that every enormous debt which she paid, would lead to others. But she never stopped. My father only had to write her one word, and the money came immediately, and with the money came consolation, the soul's delight, a few lines beautiful and good! I have

kept all those precious notes, like so many relics. The last one said: 'Courage, my friend, *this time* fortune will smile upon your efforts, I am sure. Kiss Cecilia for me, and rely always upon your old friend.'

"Only see what delicacy and knowledge of life! It was the hundredth time she had so spoken. She always encouraged him to begin some new work. It never lasted, and made matters worse; but without that, he would have died in misery, long ago, and now he is alive, and may yet save himself. Yes, yes, Floriani bequeathed me her courage—without her I too might have doubted my father, but I have always faith in him, thanks to her! He is old, but not ruined. His wisdom and pride have lost none of their strength. I cannot make him as rich as a person of his imagination should be, but I can keep him from poverty and depression. He shall not fall; for I am strong!"

She spoke with wonderful zeal, although it was subdued by the calm dignity of her manner.

She was transfigured in my eyes, or rather, she revealed to me those treasures of soul, which I always imagined hers. I took her hand frankly this time and kissed it without reserve.

"You are a noble being," said I to her, "and I am proud of the effort which you have made to confess to me that nobleness which you hide from the world, as others hide the shame of their baseness. Speak on, I beg you; you cannot know the good you do me, to me, who was born to trust and love, but whom the world always saddens and alarms."

"But I have nothing more to say, my friend. Floriani is dead, but she still lives in my heart. Her oldest son is beginning life, and treads the path of his destiny with a venturesome foot. Shall I doubt him? Ah, if he is ambitious, imprudent, even powerless in his art, if he should be mistaken a thousand times and be guilty towards himself, I shall love and serve him like his mother. I can do but a very little, almost nothing; but whatever I am, I am willing it should be the stepping-stone to his glory, since in glory he seeks his happiness. You can see plainly, Signor Salentini, that it is not love I think of. My mind and heart are necessarily serious; I have no time to lose or strength to waste upon my own fancies."

"Ah yes! I understand you," cried I; "yours is a life of sacrifice and devotion! You are not on the stage to please yourself. You do not like the theatre, that is easily seen; you do not aim at success. You disdain glory; you labor for others."

"I work for my father," answered she, "and thanks to Floriani that I can thus work. Without her aid, I should still have been a poor needlewoman, gaining hardly a piece of bread all the day to keep my father from begging through the streets in our dark days. But she once chanced to hear me, and liked my voice. She told me that I might sing in drawing-rooms and even on the stage, in the second parts. She gave me a fine teacher; I did my best. I was no longer young; I was twenty-six years old, and had suffered a great deal; but as I did not aspire to the first rank, I rapidly reached the second. I dreaded the theatre. My father worked there as actor, decorator, and even as prompter, as his fortune rose or fell. I well knew, early in life, that mass of impurity in which no maiden can keep from stain without martyrdom. I hesitated a long time; I gave lessons, and sang in concerts;

but nothing was sure. I needed boldness, and could not intrigue. My patronage, from the first very modest and limited, lessened day by day. Floriani died almost suddenly. I felt that my father had no support but me. I leaped the boundary, conquered my aversion for that contact with the public, which wounds the purity of the soul, and dishonors the sacredness of thought. I have been an actress for three or four years, and shall remain one as long as it pleases God. I tell no one what I suffer by this concealment of my tastes, this wrong done to my best instincts. What good would complaining do? has not every one their burden? I am strong enough to bear mine: I follow my profession with conscience. I love my art. I should not say true, if I did not own that I love it passionately; but I wish I could have cultivated it under other auspices. I was born to play the organ in a convent, and to chant the evening prayer among the deep and mysterious echoes of a cloister. But what difference does it make? Let us talk of myself no longer; it is too much for me!"

Cecilia hastily wiped away a struggling tear, and held out her hand to me in smiling. I was beside myself. My hour had come: I was in love!

[To be continued.]

(From the New York Musical Times.)

Sketch of the Conservatory of Paris.

PART I.

Prior to the Revolution of 1789, no public musical institution existed in France. The only schools for music then in vogue, were the *maîtrises*, or chapels (attached, mainly, to the metropolitan churches), in which ten or twelve boys were trained for Divine worship. Received in the chapel at the age of eight or nine years, they left at sixteen or seventeen, the period of change in the male voice. Their musical acquirements were limited to singing and reading at sight, no instrument being taught them, except, perhaps, the organ, occasionally, or some other instrument with which the master of the chapel chanced to be acquainted. As the voice alone was cultivated, these boys devoted themselves for the most part to operatic pursuits. The revolution having monopolized all the funds belonging to the clergy, and closed most of the religious buildings, the chapels, or *maîtrises*, fell, with the corporations which supported them. And now music, with the other fine arts, seemed sunk in the waves of the revolution. This, however, was not the case.

About the year 1794, there was living in Paris a man whose name was unknown to fame. He was not even a musician; but nature had endowed him with taste and love for music; he was also a friend of learning and belles lettres, had travelled through Germany, and held intercourse with the greatest artists there. Fond of the fine arts generally, as he was, Italy attracted also his attention. He went to Rome, where he found the celebrated Zingarelli, then master of the Pope's chapel. Thence he repaired to Naples, where he met the illustrious and unfortunate Cimarosa. He also examined, with the closest care, the Musical Conservatory of this last-named city, as well as those of Milan and Florence. This man's name was SARETTE, the founder of the French Conservatory of Music.

Not to anticipate, however—on his return to Paris, Sarette found that civil disturbances were not yet settled, and the government being engaged in war with almost all the nations of Europe, it was difficult to see whence the money was to come for the enterprise he now had in view. Sarette, nevertheless, was not easily disheartened. He had frequent interviews with members of the National Convention, before whom he laid his plans, which received their approbation. However, it was not until the year 1795 that the establishment of a National Conservatory of France

was sanctioned by the decree of the Convention. The decree read thus:—That a National Conservatory of Music is about to be founded in the city of Paris, the expenses of which will be paid by the public treasury. The same decree appointed M. Sarette director of the establishment, with a fixed salary, the amount of which at that time I am not able to state. The present director's salary is 6000 francs, (1200 dollars). A building was also purchased in the Rue du Faubourg Poissonniere, which still continues to be the locality of the Conservatory. The passer by reads on a large stone over the door, the words:—*Conservatoire National de Musique et de Declamation*. The reason of the word *Declamation* in the inscription will hereafter be given. The Conservatory continued in the same condition until the period of Napoleon's consulship, 1800: at which time he fully developed the institution, regulated the subjects of study, determined the several departments, and enlarged the building. Sarette continued director of the Conservatory till the overthrow of the Empire, in 1814, when he was discharged, and CERUBINI made director in his stead. Under this great man, the institution now became, and has since remained, the first musical school of the world. But we will now enter upon a detailed account of the interior regulations of the Conservatory, as they exist at the present day.

Though formed after the model of the Italian Conservatories, the Conservatoire of Paris differs very much from these schools. The Italian Conservatories are devoted *mainly* to the cultivation of the voice. Instrumentation may not wholly be excluded, but no great instrumental performer who has graduated from these schools, has been heard, I believe, in Paris, and the orchestras of the Italian theatres are admitted to be the poorest in Europe. Such is not the case in the Conservatory of France; not only particular care is given to the cultivation of the voice, but all instruments, from the violin down to the contrabass, from the flute down to the piccolo, from the sweet, melancholy horn, down to the shrill-sounding trombone, are taught in classes, by the most distinguished practical performers of the capital. Among the professors of singing, the Conservatory will always boast of Ellevion, Garat, Martin, Garcia, Bordogni, Ponchard, Duprez, and Mme. Cinti Damoreau. In the instrumental department, the memory of the celebrated Baillot and Habeneck will never die. As professors of musical composition, counterpoint, and fugue, who knows not the names of Mehul, Gossec, Lesueur, Berton, Cherubini, Herold, Paer, Reicha, Catel, Fétié, Halevy and Auber? Of all these stars of song, some have disappeared from the heaven of harmony, some shine yet, and charm the world by their melodious strains.

The scheme of the Conservatory is not confined to musical matters. The main object of its founders in appointing classes of singing, and securing for them the most distinguished teachers in that branch of the art, was not to form mere singers, but they aimed also at furnishing the French stage with the most accomplished elocutionists, and they created, therefore, classes for the art of *delivery*, called classes of *declamation*. Thus, individuals of both sexes who have followed daily the several branches appertaining to the stage, are either able actors, or accomplished singers. *Fencing* and *dancing* have also been considered as accomplishments necessary for pupils destined to scenical pursuits.

The Conservatory of Paris, as regulated by Cherubini, indeed, is a model of its kind. It is an immutable rule for those who apply for admission as professors, to compete for their post. Should a performer of unquestionable talent seek a professorship in some instrumental department, and ask Cherubini to be excused from a competition, he would invariably answer:—"Sir, you must compete; I have made the rule, and can't break it." The same course holds with those who want to be admitted into any class whatever. They must submit to the severest examination.

I have stated that the Conservatory was created to impart musical knowledge to the youth of both sexes. But the pupils are not promiscuously

ly thrust into classes suited to their capacity. Girls are instructed in a separate part of the house, and by female teachers. The boys cannot have any intercourse with them. Good morals demanded the adoption of this measure. Cherubini watched with the utmost care this particular point. If he caught a young man conversing with a girl, or loitering with her about the yards, corridors, or any other parts of the building, he would look at them with a stern and angry face, and give them a severe admonition; if found transgressing a second time, they were sent home, and without any hope for a second admission.

The first department of instruction is the *solfeggio*, or solmization for the young people of both sexes. They remain in that class two or three years or more, till they are found ready to begin with some instrument, or make their first trials in singing. Most of the pupils in the Conservatory attend this class with the greatest assiduity; they are trained to sing the most difficult exercises written in all keys, moods, and measures, singing them in their original form, and transposing them into all the keys. It is not unusual, in the public competition for prizes which closes the year's studies, to see a pupil transpose extemporaneously an exercise for the piano from one key to another. Those who possess an accurate notion of the instrument, will have an idea of the difficulty of such an attempt. The palm is given to the young performer who accomplishes the task most successfully.

All the students of the piano, both male and female, are obliged to have attended a course of *harmony* for two years. None are received, in any class of the piano, unless they have fulfilled this condition.

The length of study, in *every* department, is *three years*. The pupils who have not been judged worthy of the first or second prize during that period, are obliged to withdraw from the class. Whether their failing be attributed to their negligence, or to their deficiency of ability, they are thought unworthy to remain in the same class. I should say, that, in order to be admitted to any instrumental or singing class *whatever*, it is not necessary to have learned music in the Conservatory. Whoever has received at home, or elsewhere, a sufficient musical training to undergo the examination required, has a chance for admission.

This admission is anxiously sought, particularly by the middling orders of the people of Paris; who see in it a means to secure a lucrative employment, and sometimes a glorious career for their children. (The Conservatory being supported by government, the instruction is of course given gratuitously.) Hence, to fill the place of a single pupil who has left, numberless applicants come to compete. This is especially the case with the piano, for which very often the choice is between a hundred rivals; who, in view of so many competitors and so strict an examination, have practised their instrument previously; and a place in the piano class is often given to a person who would be considered a consummate performer in a saloon. Hence it happens in many instances, that a pupil gains the first premium the very same year in which he has been admitted.

After the piano, the classes for the violin are the most crowded. These two classes, (piano and violin) have furnished France, and especially the city of Paris, with the most admirable professors and performers of the world. To the violin class thanks must be rendered for those unrivalled *orchestres*, which so marvellously perform the great works of Beethoven, Mozart, and other celebrated masters. One who has never heard the inimitable orchestra of the *Conservatoire*, can hardly boast of having ever heard instrumental music. This is the peculiar glory of the French Conservatory, a glory in which no other institution whatever shares.

Violin performers from the Conservatory earn considerable money both in Paris and the provinces. Piano players, although shut out from orchestras, have abundant occupation, on account of the popularity of the instrument. The violoncello and contrabass classes of the Conservatory have not so many applicants, and yet they produce a good number of able performers. The

classes for wind and brass instruments are also not very numerously attended, as persons who play at all on these instruments, find it easy to secure good situations for themselves in orchestras, or band and military bands. As *teachers* they would hardly be able to secure a livelihood for themselves and families. Therefore, instruction on these instruments is hardly to be found, out of the Conservatory.

Every quarter the pupils of each department have to submit to an examination. There here recurs a circumstance to me in which I myself was concerned, and which may serve to illustrate, somewhat, the character of Cherubini. The pupils in Reicha's department of *counterpoint* were being examined, and the examiners were Lesueur, Berton, and Cherubini himself: for he considered it a duty to be present at all examinations. The pupils of the class were twelve in number, including myself. Lesueur and Berton had read through my exercises without making an observation. I considered them irreproachable. But I was greatly mistaken. Cherubini took my exercises and ran through them in the twinkling of an eye. I observed that he frowned at a certain point. After he had finished the exercise, which was a four-part fugue with two counterpoint, he placed it before him, crossed his arms over his breast, and turning to me slowly, said: "Well, Sir, did you really learn harmony?"—"I believe so, Sir," I replied (a little nettled at the insinuation). "Take your exercise Sir," resumed Cherubini, "and look at the seventh measure of the last staff of your work." I took the manuscript and looked at the point indicated. "Sir," answered I, "I look, but can see no mistake in it." Lesueur, Berton, Reicha, and all the others present had their eyes bent on me, increasing my confusion and rendering it impossible for me to discover the mistake which had caught the eye of Cherubini. "As you are unable to discover your own blunders," said he, "give me the exercise again." But, at that very instant I perceived that there was indeed a hidden fifth (*quinte cachée*) between soprano and alto. "Excuse me, Sir," I remarked; "another time I will try to be more cautious." Cherubini smiled, turned his eyes to another side, and the examination went on.

This little incident will give some slight idea of the scholastic severity, and the keen perception of the great contrapuntist.

SCHUBERT AND MENDELSSOHN.—No one can fail to recognize a good deal of truth in the following contrast drawn between the two most admired German composers after Beethoven, by the *Musical Review*.

While yet Mozart and Haydn were scarcely dead, and Beethoven was in his full power of genius, there lived in Vienna, the very place where all this musical grandeur and splendor was displayed, a young man of the name of FRANZ SCHUBERT. He composed songs, trios, quartets, symphonies, some of them as good as anything which has been written, without, however, eliciting much praise from the public. He composed for his own pleasure, and for that of his friends; lived mostly in his miserable lodging or in some wine-cellars, and passed by as unnoticed as a second or third-rate music-teacher in our own city would do. He lived a poor, miserable, neglected life for some thirty years. His death was like his life—a modest death, known, noticed only by the few, and regretted only by the few.

Some few years later, when Germany, in a general dearth of genius and talent, lived only in its former musical grandeur, a young man started up in Berlin, who was suddenly proclaimed as the lawful inheritor of the powers of the golden classical epoch of music. Born of rich parents, surrounded from his childhood by eminent literary men, educated with the utmost care, and endowed besides with a very good ear, very good memory, fine taste and talent, the young man of the name of MENDELSSOHN very soon made his way even beyond the boundaries of his native country. His works were performed, praised, and largely paid for. Being himself in an eminent social position, he very soon attained a musical one in Leipzig, as conductor of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts, and held for a long time artistic supremacy in Germany as well as in England. When he died, his fame was universal and his funeral a stately one, attended with

all that pomp which is called forth on such occasions. Now, supposing Mendelssohn had lived at the time of Mozart and Beethoven, in the same miserable circumstances as poor Schubert, and the latter had occupied his cradle in Berlin, what would have been the present fate of both? Would we have Mendelssohn, and no Schubert, Festivals?

We thought of this, when we heard, at Messrs. Mason and Bergmann's Matinée, first the trio of Schubert, and then the quintet of Mendelssohn; and having said this, our criticism upon both men and their works is said. Schubert had not the neat miniature details of Mendelssohn; he is often careless, but he has grand ideas; almost every measure is fresh and original; and as to modulations and knowledge of the carrying out his ideas, he stands nearer to Beethoven than any body else, Schumann perhaps excepted. The lives and fate of both men is a very curious subject, which has not yet been treated sufficiently.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Two new operas have been exciting some interest. The first, by SCRIBE and AUBER, was produced at the Opera Comique in the last week in February. The correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* thus describes it:

The title is *Manon Lescaut*—it might just as well have been anything else, for M. Scribe never more abused the license of the dramatist than when he gave the title of the Abbé Provost's immortal story to this new comedy-opera. It is really curious to see how M. Scribe has contrived his plot. *Manon* is a young country seamstress, rich in beauty and youth, who has come up to Paris to get work, and soon forms a friendship with another grisette, who has a lover who is merely discounting his future happiness, which will be duly honored by the law and religion when the "good time" comes. *Manon* discounts the love of the Chevalier Desgrieux, and at once engages him (who has little fortune) to sell his last jewel for 600 livres that they may enjoy a merry dinner. *Manon's* youth and beauty have tangled the eyes of a colonel, who posts a boor (who happens to be a cousin of *Manon*) to keep him acquainted with *Manon's* proceedings. While *Manon* and Desgrieux are dining, this boor goes to a neighboring "hell" and loses all his money; he returns and borrows all *Manon* has, and she has Desgrieux's purse, so that when "Rabelais quarter of an hour" comes, neither can pay for the dinner, whereupon they are grossly insulted and menaced with the gaol. *Manon* takes a guitar, and singing on the boulevard, soon gathers a good deal of money; after paying her debt she goes after Desgrieux, and finds that he has enlisted in the regiment of the colonel who is in love with her. His misconduct soon places him under arrest, and she goes to crave the colonel's pardon for him. The colonel gives his consent very willingly, but he insists on one condition—which *Manon* cannot accept. She next hears that Desgrieux has broken from his prison after soundly beating his gaolers, and consequently has incurred capital punishment. She again appeals to the colonel, who consents to pardon Desgrieux, provided *Manon* promises never to see the latter again, and sup with him, the colonel. She consents, and the colonel is called out. Desgrieux appears; he reproaches *Manon* for her infidelity; she justifies herself by avowing unabated love and engaging him to eat the colonel's supper. They have scarcely commenced the attack on the supper when the colonel reappears. There is duel between him and Desgrieux, in which he falls, and as he dies he tears up the engagement of Desgrieux, which releases the latter from the army. But *Manon* is instantly arrested for robbery (she is innocent, her cousin being the culprit) and is condemned to transportation. We see her in the third act in Louisiana. Desgrieux immediately rejoins her; he spends his last lousis to free the gaoler to allow them to meet; they escape from gaol and wander from bayou to bayou until they fall exhausted; as she is dying, messengers come to announce that her innocence is recognized, and that she is freed from prison.

This opera was interesting—apart from the very great attention paid to every production from MM. Scribe and Auber—as being the piece in which Mme. MARIE CABIL appeared there. This songstress has long been the idol of the Théâtre Lyrique, but a good many persons thought she would not be very successful at the Opera Comique. These were mistaken. She is perhaps the most charming and brilliant comic opera songstress in Paris. M. Auber was never younger, gayer, clearer, more elegant than in this piece.

The other is "The Siege of Florence," by the great contrabassist, Sig. BOTTESSINI, in whose doings our readers will of course be interested. The *Musical World* (London) says of it:

The scene of *L'Assedio di Firenze* is laid in the beginning of the 16th century. The reader of Italian

history will remember the siege of Florence, which commenced in October, 1529, and lasted for eleven months, during which the inhabitants suffered all the tortures of prolonged famine. It is related that more than twenty thousand citizens and soldiers perished in that time. An episode in the history of the siege has furnished the story of the opera. The youthful Ludovico Martelli, on the side of the Republic, sent a challenge to Giovanni Bandini, in the army of the Emperor, Charles V. Bandini accepted the challenge. The combatants met, with two seconds, in presence of the Florentine and Imperial armies, and fought, the seconds engaging at the same time. The second of Martelli, named Dante di Castiglione, slew his opponent; but Martelli was so seriously wounded by Bandini, that he was forced to yield himself vanquished, and died shortly afterwards. The records of the period hinted that patriotism alone was not the cause of the duel, and that there was a lady in the case. It was this hint which inspired the poet, or rather the romancist. The lady was Maria di Ricci, wife of Signor Nicolo Benintendi. M. CORGI, the reputed author of the *libretto*, merely altered the original book, which was written at New York, by M. MARETTA, who took his story from *L'Assedio di Firenze*, a romance by F. D. Guerrazzi. The librettist has interpolated the character of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, who figures largely in the poem.

While differences of opinion exist as to the special merits of the music, all agree in proclaiming Signor Bottezini a thoroughly accomplished musician, and his opera a very able work. The choruses are universally praised for their vigor and character; and the orchestration for its richness and variety. A chorus of women in the first act has been particularly noticed for its grace and elegance, and is by some considered the capital *moreau* of the opera. A *caratina* for Michael Angelo in the second act also produced a great effect. A scene in the third act, where Bandini and Ludovico meet Maria in presence of Michael Angelo, and sing a quartet, is said to recall the second finale of *Lucia*. Signor Bottezini, however, has not availed himself of Donizetti's ideas, but has treated the situation in a novel manner, and with dramatic power. This scene was greatly applauded. The opening chorus of this act, more especially the *ritournelle*, is said to be beautiful. The fourth and last act—as is too often the case in modern opera—is described as not so suggestive in situations, nor so rich in musical illustrations. The final scene, where Ludovico enters wounded and dies on the stage, again reminds some critics of the last scene of *Lucia*. Here, however, the musician appears once more to have displayed originality in his manner of treating the subject, and has nothing in common with his predecessor.

The reception accorded to the new opera must have been flattering to the composer. The execution was entrusted to Mme. PENO (Maria), Signors MARIO (Ludovico Martelli), GRAZIANI (Bandini), and ANGELINI (Michael Angelo). Mme. Peno sang delightfully, and Signors Graziani and Angelini acquitted themselves in their parts with excellent effect. As for Mario—a first performance being nothing more than a rehearsal—little need be said. He was not himself—he never is entirely himself on a first night. The public should wait until the second, third, or fourth. Mario, in all probability, will then be himself—that is something beyond comparison. The directors have spared no expense in the scenic decorations and dresses. The "getting up" of the *Assedio di Firenze* indeed, is praised by all the authorities as splendid and complete.

M. AMANDI has appeared at the Grand Opera as Robert in *Robert le Diable*. His voice and singing are praised, but his acting criticized. The change in the direction of the Théâtre Lyrique has at last taken place. M. Carvalho has been nominated in lieu of M. Pellegrin. A new opera, in one act, called *En tenant de Pointeau*, has been produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens, and introduced Mlle. CLAIRE COURTOISE. Both piece and artist were successful.

M. CALZADO, determined that the "Italiens" should wind up the season with *éclat*, engaged Mme. GRISI for six performances. Mme. Grisi had not been heard in Paris since 1848, when her first part was Semiramide (Alboni making her *début* on the Parisian stage as Arsace). The opera on Monday week was again Semiramide, with Mme. Borghi-Mano as Arsace, and Signor Everardi as Assur. Mme. Grisi carried away all the enthusiasm, and was recalled several times in the course of the evening. It was as Semiramide that, twenty-three years ago, she made her *début* before a Parisian audience, and as Semiramide that, nine years ago, she appeared on the opening night of the unfortunate Royal Italian Opera—April 6, 1847. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should regard it with something approaching to superstition as a lucky part. She has since appeared twice in *Norma*.

London.

The destruction of the Covent Garden Theatre has made the chances of Italian Opera this season somewhat doubtful. Mr. Gye had engaged all his singers, but there are difficulties in the way of his going either to Her Majesty's Theatre, or to Drury Lane; besides,

the latter is too small for such expensive opera as the London fashionables have been used to have. There may be a chance for Lumley. Gye, having made all his engagements, must "play or pay," or both. All he wants is a house. There may now be a chance to see how far Opera is a genuine passion with the English; let it now show its recuperative vitality, if it be more than fashion....JENNY and OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT are to perform both in the Old and the New Philharmonic concerts. ERNST is to accompany them on a provincial tour of some six weeks....MR. G. A. MACFARREN has composed a new concert overture, entitled *Hamlet*....MR. ELLA is delivering lectures on Melody, Harmony and Counterpoint to crowded audiences at the London Institution....SIG. PICCO, the famous player on the "Tibia Pastorale," or common whistle, has created a *furore* at the Hanover Square rooms. He played *Casta Diva*, the "Carnival of Venice," the *Andante* by Ernst, with variations of his own, &c. He was accompanied in his pieces by the band of the Orchestral Union....OF MR. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT'S new Psalm, performed at the late "Nightingale Fund Concert," the *Musical World* says:

It not only shows the knowledge but the feeling of a musician. It consists of an introduction for the orchestra; a *soprano* air of plaintive character—"From the deep I cry;" a chorus upon Luther's *corale*, "Aus tiefer Noth;" an instrumental interlude; a chorus (female voices)—"See all the lilies," which is charmingly melodious; a very effective duet for *soprano* and tenor—"From thee are grace and mercy sought;" a chorus (male voices)—"Then let thy soul await;" a graceful *arioso* for *soprano*—"Though all the night;" and a grand chorus, well developed—"Then in the Lord hope." The instrumentation is good throughout. We cannot, however, judge of such a work (and it is a work of pretension) at a single hearing, and we are much mistaken if Herr Goldschmidt's Psalm does not merit another. It was generally well executed, under the composer's own direction, by the band and chorus. The *soprano* part was perfection; no wonder, it was Mme. Goldschmidt who sang it; and Mr. Swift took great pains in his duet with the accomplished Swede. The end was followed by great applause.

The election of a Cambridge Professor of Music in the place of the late Dr. T. A. WALMSLEY, took place on the 4th ult. in the School of Arts. WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT was the successful candidate, having received 173 votes. Dr. Elvey had 21, Mr. C. G. Horsley 21, and the others were scattered among nearly forty candidates. This professorship, to which no salary is attached, was founded in 1681. The late Professor Walmsley was elected in 1836....The University and town of Oxford were greatly excited by the public performance of an exercise for the doctor's degree in music, composed by Mr. E. G. MONK, precentor and musical professor of St. Peter's College, Radley. There were nearly 4,000 persons present. The work consists of Gray's poem of "The Bard," which forms the subject of an Ode for solo, chorus and orchestra, of about an hour in length.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, MARCH 16.—DEAR DWIGHT:—It is from no want of will, and just as little from any lack of material, that week after week has gone by, and now Spring has come, and yet you have had no musical reports from Berlin. Other causes have operated to break off so entirely my former frequent correspondence; and whether I shall now make out a few notes upon a fortnight spent in Dresden and Leipzig last month—we will see to-morrow. I like to go to Dresden and Leipzig—at the one place I find good pictures, pleasant walks and occasionally a good opera, and at the latter more or less good fellows digging into the mysteries of harmony and composition, who give me as much pianoforte music as I can well carry off, and take me to the *Abend Unterhaltungs* of the Conservatorium, or introduce me to the professors.

I like to go to Dresden dearly, and deposite my travelling bag in chamber No. 3, of *Das Kleine Rauchhaus*, a nice comfortable little German inn, where the

guest-chamber, the dining-room, the sitting-room and parlor of the family are all one and the same apartment. Everything is neat as wax and white-wash can make it. The great broad passage-way, which leads from the street to the little court in the centre of the house, is as nicely kept as the front entry of an American dwelling, though it is paved with stone, and carriages and carts pass in and out. I should really like to know how many centuries that two-story building, with its high peaked roof pierced with rows of little windows like port-holes, has stood there, looking over across to its more pretending but less respectable neighbor. No shingle palace that!

I have been several times to Dresden, and after the train reaches the Elbe and is running along the low plain between the vine-covered hills and the river, I begin to think of my inn. I imagine the madame and the master of the house welcoming me and making me at home, and wonder whether I shall get No. 3, with its two casement windows sunk in the thick wall—and have other wonderings and vain imaginations. The train stops, I take my bag and jump into the first droschky, and away we go through the gate, by the Japanese palace with its library and casts of antiquities, through the narrow street which leads to the guard house and bridge; over the long stone bridge from which I get such exquisite views up and down the river and of the city beyond; across the square, with the theatre, picture gallery and Catholic Church on the right, the Brühlsche Terrace on the left; through the arched way under the palace,—up the street along the market place to Scheffel Gasse, down which the driver turns and soon the *kellner*, or head waiter and book-keeper of *Das Kleine Rauchhaus*, is running out to open the droschky door and welcome me.

I follow him into the dining-room, and Madame, though her name be *Sauermann* (Sour-man) welcomes me most sweetly. "How have I been? Has it gone well with me since I was there last? Shall I honor them with a good long stay this time?" and so on. And Herr Sauermann, a tall, thin, dark-looking man, smiles sweetly and kindly and shakes hands heartily—and the dark-eyed daughter of sixteen, or thereabouts, smiles a welcome, and the son looks up from his mathematical book that he is studying in the corner, and greets me—and I go marching up stairs to my room half believing that they are glad to see me and not the guest. Now all these things make one feel good—and give him more contentment in the little *Rauch-* (Smoke) *haus* than he would get in the Astor or Tremont. When dinner is all away and the room cleared up, the mistress of the cooking department, whom I take to be a sister of madame, comes in with her knitting, and spying me on the sofa, also bids me welcome. And so would the pretty chambermaid have done, but alas! she is away and an ugly middle-aged woman is in her place, which is not satisfactory.

This last stay at "the Little Smokinghouse" was just three days, as we reckon time at American hotels, and my bill, including servant's fees, fire, lights and everything, was four thalers, 16½ new groschen—less than \$3.50. Satisfactory!

One of these three days was Sunday, and Dresden has two churches which a musically disposed American must visit—the old one, near the new picture gallery, where SCHNEIDER plays the organ and where Mr. Mason (see his musical letters) heard such magnificent congregational singing, and the Catholic Church—the church of the court. Owing to some mistake in the hour, I lost the long extemporaneous voluntary with which Schneider is said to open the service at the former church, and which I have heard described as something most wonderful. You know SCHNEIDER of Dresden, and HAUPT of Berlin, are now the two great organists. The first time I was in Dresden, April 1851, I went up to

the upper gallery of this old church and heard a choral come swelling up from I suppose a thousand voices below. It was one with which the people were familiar, and the effect was such upon me as Mr. Mason describes it to have been upon him in the same place some months later. But this morning (Feb. 17) was cold, windy and raw, and the people were shivery—the choral was one which seemed not generally known, and the organ went on ahead dragging everybody along by a chain of half a dozen measures of notes after it. Such a distressing confusion, such utter absence of anything like musical feeling, expression or effect I have seldom heard; such intolerable nasal, snuffling, wheezy, impure, cracked, brassy, tinny, wooden voices I hardly ever heard. It was unbearable, and after the third stanza I left the church to its fate. I for one do not possess enough of religious principle to ever make me willing to take up *such* a cross Sabbath after Sabbath.

John Murray's red-covered hand-book, speaking of the Catholic Church, says "the music in this church is celebrated all over Germany. It is under the superintendence of the director of the opera, who merely transfers his band from the orchestra to the organ loft, * * * no stranger should miss hearing it." So everybody who has Murray goes to hear the mass, and comes away saying "splendid! magnificent!" if he is an American, and "very nice! very clever!" if he is from John Bull's island. Now I have been there repeatedly, and the impressions of 1851 have been but confirmed by subsequent hearings. The music I understand to be directed by REISSIGER, and I am told that the operatic orchestra supplies the instruments, the operatic chorus the basses and tenors, but the sopranos and altos are boys. Now unless the music sung be properly adapted to boys' voices, and the want of power in their young organs be supplied by numbers, and if they are obliged to exert themselves to be heard above an orchestra, the result is universally that the soprano sounds impure, screechy and boyish. This has always impressed me as being the case here in Dresden. The Domchor at Berlin always sing *alla capella* (without accompaniment). The small Domchor in Breslau, of which I wrote last year, sing to a gentle organ accompaniment or *alla capella*. Here at Dresden the attempt is made to use boys' voices like those of women, in fully accompanied compositions; and this seems to me out of place, at all events the effect of the voices is to me *not* very good.

But, suppose in all this I am mistaken, in another point upon which the music must depend almost entirely for its effect, I mean the musical composition as such, I am not mistaken, and that is that the church is built so in utter defiance of all the laws of acoustics, that there is hardly a point to be found in the building where a man can pick out even with painful attention the thread of a composer's idea. Suppose the choir is to reply to the priest at the altar in the *Gloria in Excelsis*. You hear a confused blast from trumpets, and the roll of drums, and the 'gl' of the word *gloria*—followed by roaring of tones echoed from all quarters, made up of inarticulate 'orias'—and then by an explosion of the sibilants in the word *excelsis*. You sit for a minute or two, in uproar and confusion worse confounded, and then the sound dies away in faint echoes, and the *gloria* is ended. It is utterly abominable. And it is the fashion to praise up the Dresden court music, and so every traveller, who does not know one tune from another, tells you: "Ah, if you wish to hear church music, go to Dresden!" I appeal to all the young musicians in Boston who have been to Dresden, if this statement is exaggerated. If they say it is, I can only reply that tastes vary.

I am afraid you will think that I was in Dresden this time in quite the disposition of Smelfungus, im-

mortalized by Sterne. By no means. On the other hand, I was in an excellent mood, and yet I was sadly disappointed in the *NEY*, and in *TICHATSCHEK*, at the opera. During my stay there was one performance, and the piece was MEYERBEER'S "North Star." The whole thing was beautifully put upon the stage, the orchestra, chorus and ballet fine, and *MITTERWURZER*, the first bass, with *TICHATSCHEK*, first tenor, I thought, on the whole, better than the corresponding singers at Berlin. The bass is fine, but as I said, the tenor, celebrated as he is, rather disappointed me. So did *Frau BUERDE-NEY*.—Though rather too fleshy, she looks very well, and her fine expressive face is very pleasing. I like her all the better for not being very tall—it is in pleasing contrast to our *WAGNER* and *KOESTER*. The voice is a delicious, pure, full soprano, but now getting a little worn. I noticed here and there false notes, though a blemish of this sort occasionally, in a long opera, is of little importance. The tenor struck me on this once hearing as being of the pure *PERELLI* sort, but stronger than that voice, which I remember with such delight in *Stabat Mater*!

Have you had the story of the "North Star" in the Journal? I suppose so, but do not remember. The first act is in Wiborg in Finland, and in this, Peter of Russia, under the guise of a carpenter, becomes acquainted with a confectioner, Danilowitz, and a girl named Catharine.

Peter and the girl fall in love, and she urges him to high ambition, not knowing who he is, as I understood it. A fine scene in this act is one in which she practices upon the superstition of a horde of Tartars, and delivers the village from plunder. The second act is in the Russian camp, on the boundary of Finland. Catharine appears here as a soldier, and happens to be placed as sentinel by a tent into which Peter and Danilowitz enter, have a drunken bout, and make love to a couple of girls. Catharine, for a time, has no idea that her Peter is there, but the voice strikes her, and peeping into the tent, she is shocked and amazed at what she beholds. The conduct of Peter is too much for her, she neglects her sentinel's duty, and is found by the corporal listening to what is going on. Of course the corporal cannot allow that, and finally gets a box on the ear, for which she incurs the penalties of disobedience and insulting behavior to her superior.

Peter is roused from his drunkenness and made sober by news of insurrection among his own soldiers, and of the approach of enemies. He rushes out among his troops, and promises to deliver Peter into their hands if they will only follow him and fight for the defence of Russia. He reasons with them, but they utter nothing but threats and the determination to spill Peter's blood. At last they inquire who this man is.

"Who am I? The Czar!—strike!" of course—for this is always a matter of course in these European operas—the divinity that "doth hedge a king," dazzles all, and down they go, kneel to him, and now will give their lives for him. (It is a curious thing to trace how the *jure divino* and the fine porcelain manufacture of kings and the nobility is taught here on the stage.)

The third act is in Peter's palace, and Catharine is here crazy. Her restoration to reason is brought about, as in Weigl's "Swiss Family," by surrounding her with recollections of former days; for which end a great picture of Wiborg is hung up, behind which a multitude of the people of that village, brought hither for the purpose, sing the chorus in the first act, and Peter plays a flute solo that he used to play to her. So all ends happily. Peter gets Catharine in a much more romantic manner than history says he did, and the confectioner becomes the ancestor of the present Menchikoffs, just as history says he did.

It is a military subject, and much of the music is military and capital good.

I liked the opera much. There is a good deal of the comic in it, and some quite touching points. The music is exceedingly well adapted to the subject, and some of the best of the peculiar effects of Meyerbeer's skill in the vocal and instrumental combinations are to be heard in it.

I enjoyed it much. I wish that it might even be given in our country, with such an orchestra and chorus, and such attention to scenic effects. If all I read and hear about the new Boston Theatre is true, I may yet have that pleasure. What is to hinder the translation of this work (by some one capable of it) and its production, with all its pleasant spoken dialogue, upon our stage? The spoken parts are as pleasant to me, in such an opera, as are the prose scenes which break the stately march of SHAKSPEARE's noble verse.

A. W. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 12, 1856.

Superlatives.

To judge from the newspaper musical notices from all parts of the land, which fall under the eye of one in our position, there is no country on the globe which at the present moment possesses so many transcendent and imitable artists as our own. Whoever is not great in one city has only to announce himself in another to become greatest of the great. Thus OLE BULL is now in the South-west; a Memphis paper tells its readers that:

"Like a standard book which has passed the ordeal of criticism, and takes its place among the sources of thought and culture, this great, and, at the present day, *unrivalled* artist has elevated himself *above the reach of analogy or comparison*, and consequently sets the critics at bay."

Such extravagance of eulogy is the common staple of musical criticism in the amiable and independent press of these United States; nor is it limited to parts remote from the more musical centres. The other day we cited a specimen of New York ravings about GOTTSCHALK. If a man have real titles to distinction, as he has, they are sadly compromised by such superlatives. So too, not long since, appeared in the New York *Express*, a parallel of two superlatives, GOTTSCHALK and WILLIAM MASON, which the *Musical Review* copied as a rare specimen of sound, discriminating criticism, "far removed from ordinary puffs," and which ended with declaring: "Gottschalk is the jeweller, Mason the Gothic architect. It is a comparison of the art of Cellini to that of Angelo." Rather a tall comparison that!—to say nothing of the originality of the connection indicated between Michael Angelo and Gothic architecture! The New York *Musical World* offsets this with a biography of GUSTAV SATTER, the certainly very highly accomplished pianist now residing here in Boston, but of whom it is either too early or too late to say: "He is the *very model of an artist*,—ever *inspired*, whilst performing; a true friend of all that is beautiful and good, and an *unrelenting foe to all humbug*;"—that he "plays everything, from Bach down to Liszt and himself, with the same perfection, *never abandoning the charm of nature for the clownish tricks of modern virtuosos*," &c. &c. Now we are sorry to say that it has been just the yielding to these same virtuoso tricks, which has disappointed those

who at first found so much to admire in this young artist's talent. What becomes of "the honor" of those "wreaths and flowers" at the Musical Convention Concerts, when it is known that it was by variations upon "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," &c., that they were won! What shall we say to that "Anvil Chorus" fantasia which we heard him play the other night? and how does the "unrelenting hostility to humbug" comport with the announcement to play at a lottery "Gift Concert" in New Hampshire! We may pardon these mistakes to early youth, amid the bewildering influences of such a world of trade and humbug; but until they are repented of and put away, let us not talk about the "very model of an artist," and a "true priest of Art." The tone of the whole article indeed would seem to convey the impression that here has another young Mozart been born in Germany, to be neglected there, and first appreciated here. Mr. Satter may well pray to be delivered from his friends who write him up in that style!

We have purposely selected our examples from the wholesale eulogies of men who *are* in some sense superior artists. Give each his due. But this ready way of placing each upon the pinnacle of his profession, in order to say a kind thing, is demoralizing and destructive to all true criticism, as it is insulting to the taste and sober judgment of the musical world proper. Such things belong to the mere flaming show-bill order of literature; and as in the modern style of announcing new books, especially novels, the advertisement is more ingenious and startling, if it be not even longer than the book itself. If every singer, violinist or pianist, who is any way remarkable, cannot be pronounced so without at the same time intimating that he beats all the world; if this is done too even in journals which are musical authorities, who can wonder that all classes of pretenders, down to musicians of no science and no gift at all, should come in for their share of such cheap spoils, and keep the newspapers all ringing with their praises, as the prime secret of success?

CONCERTS.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—"Moses in Egypt" does not draw the overflowing audiences it has done in past years, yet it was a large company who listened in the Music Hall last Sunday evening. And they had abundant reason to be pleased with the performance. The solo singers all did their best and the whole thing went off with spirit. The impression of Mrs. HARWOOD's fine, clear, equal, noble voice grew upon us. It was refreshing from the first, and in the latter more pathetic portions of her rôle (that of the Queen), she sang with such expression and sustained power as gave great present pleasure and inspired rare hopes.—The piece was repeated, to a smaller audience we understand, on Thursday (Fast) evening.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS. On Wednesday the Music Hall was crowded, and MENDELSSOHN'S "Scotch" Symphony, as it is called, the one in A minor and the best, was played remarkably well. The "Invitation to the Dance" too, by WEBER, for so difficult a piece of instrumentation, and so rapid a movement, scarcely admitting of perfect unity and cleanliness in any but the original form for the piano, was made quite effective

and seemed very generally relished. With our orchestra the overture to *Freyschütz* never fails. The lighter pieces were as good as usual. The Afternoon Concerts seem now in the full tide of success.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE; Descriptive, Critical, Humorous, Biographical Philosophical, and Poetical. By SAMUEL GILMAN, D. D.

Such is the title of an elegantly printed volume of between five and six hundred pages, just published by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co. It contains some of the best fruits of the literary leisure of a highly cultivated, genial, Unitarian clergyman, who, educated in and loving New England, has for many years been settled in Charleston, South Carolina. It is enough here to say that Dr. Gilman is the author of the "Memoir of a New England Village Choir," a charming little book, for some time out of print, which those who have read in any of the three editions through which it has passed, (it was composed in 1828,) will rejoice to meet again in a collection of other good things from the same source. Those who never read it, have yet to know one of the most true and charming sketches of New England village life at the beginning of this century, that have been produced. So far as it is the history merely of the troubles and dissensions of a choir, the picture is almost as true of this day as of that. Indeed, these little worlds of rustic, unskilled singers of mere psalmody reflect in little nearly all the strife and jealousies and changing fortunes of great operatic troupes. The book is worth possessing, if for this alone. But besides this it is full of various interest. The graver papers, such as those on Brown's metaphysical writings, the reciprocal influence of national literatures, &c., will command the attention of thinkers. The literary criticisms are of value. The humorous sketches are exquisite. A genial, humane, Christian spirit, a tone of true, refined culture, quick perceptions and sympathies, a rare grace and sincerity of style and easy, masterly command of language, are perceived throughout. A few graceful poems, mostly occasional, complete the volume, among which it is pleasant to recognise "Fair Harvard!" the verses sung at the centennial celebration at Cambridge in 1836. But it is in the sketches of New England life that we find the most peculiar charm. These must live among the most genuine and national products of our literature. Better even than the "Village Choir" is the "Rev. Stephen Peabody and Lady," a sketch of a New Hampshire pastor living at the close of the last century. Take as a specimen this about "Sir Peabody's" musical endowments:

His musical powers and habits were extraordinary, and he almost revelled through life in an atmosphere of sweet sounds of his own creating. On rainy days, when unlikely to be disturbed by capacious or narrow-minded visitors, he would take out his golden-toned violin from a little closet, and draw from its strings the richest and most bewitching notes, a sweet and serene half-smile all the time playing over his lip and cheek and eye. His voice was of vast compass, and exquisitely flexible. He was at home in every part in music. When there was no choir in the meeting-house, he led the singing himself; and when there was one, he supplied the deficient parts, rolling out a mellow and deep-toned bass, or warbling with his treble or counter over the whole concert, like an animated mocking-bird. He sang on week-days at his work, and sometimes talked aloud to himself most agreeably. He would sing on his rides about the town, or when travelling in his chaise, alone or accompanied, by night or by day; and all the solitudes and echoes of that region have many a time rung with his loud and melodious voice. He was most fond of sacred music, but did not disdain a scrap now and then of secular. He would sing you, in perfect taste, with graceful gesture and a happy look, either sitting or standing, various extracts from the delightful old anthems of Arne or Purcell, or from the oratorios of Handel. Coming home from public worship, if a favorite tune had

just been sung there, he would repeat it over and over as he entered the house, stopping you in a companionable way, looking you smilingly in the face, and asking if it was not beautiful. He would, except on Sunday mornings, awaken the whole household of sleepers at sunrise, or as soon as he had made the fires, by singing up and down stairs, "The bright, rosy morning peeps over the hills," "The hounds are all out," or some other hunting-song equally stirring. He would take into his lap a little round, favorite dog, and, commanding it to sing with him, he would begin by roaring some tune aloud, the dog immediately joining in with louder and responsive roar. The only inconvenience from this practice was that the dog one Sabbath followed his master unperceived to the meeting-house, and up to the platform of the pulpit-stairs, and too zealously practised there the musical lessons which he had been taught at home. On some warm summer afternoon, when all the windows of the house were open, and one of his young boarders, far up in the garret at his studies, might happen, for variety's sake, to burst out in some cherished tune or strain, such, for instance, as old St. Anne's, his venerable friend, in the lower story, awaking from his transitory nap, would fall in with his mellifluous bass, and so would they sing for a long time together, until, looking out of their respective windows, they would smile upon each other, as who should say, "Were there ever two better friends than we?"

Musical Chit-Chat.

There has been a very large sale of tickets to the Orchestral Concert in aid of the German Benevolent Society, to be given at the Music Hall this evening, and the programme (see last page) is really a rich one.... The MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY concluded their season on Friday evening of last week, by a musical entertainment before an invited audience in Mercantile Hall. Selections from "St. Paul," and other good things were sung. (What a pity that this Society has not found an opportunity to let the public hear "St. Paul" entire this season!) The first part closed with the presentation on the part of the members of a silver pitcher and salver to their retiring president, Gen. B. F. EDMANDS.... At the Boston Theatre Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" is shortly to be produced, with splendid scenery, &c., and with MENDELSSOHN's overture and intermezzi; but the vocal music, it is said, will be by Purcell, Arne, Bishop, Mr. Comer, the conductor of the orchestra, &c. Why mix these up with Mendelssohn? Why not his music throughout, so as to make one artistic whole of it?

Our excellent friend the "Diarist," in other words our Berlin correspondent, "A. W. T." is probably by this time on his way home from Germany, and we shall soon have leaves "From my Diary" at home. His visit will be brief, however; its chief object being the benefit of a sea-voyage to a brain long over-taxed and health run down. Before the summer is spent he will return again, true to his long and faithfully pursued purpose of mastering all the materials in Germany for that "Life of Beethoven" which has occupied so many of the best years of his life, and which we are happy to hear is fast approaching its completion. It will no doubt be a work of which we may be proud, as of that other American monument to the great master, the statue in our Boston Music Hall. By the way, our friend brings with him some hundred or two complete sets of the Piano Sonatas of Beethoven, (thirty-two Sonatas in all,) which he can furnish to subscribers here at about half the price of the cheapest editions we have hitherto known. It is said to be a neat and correct edition. We shall be happy to receive the names of any who may desire to possess a set, at the very low price of six dollars. In more ways than one is our friend destined to be a promulgator of Beethoven upon this side of the ocean.

The *Musical Review* takes quite good-naturedly our remarks about its "Prize Songs." It admits

that there may be some truth in our suspicion that that the best song will not win the prize, and even adds: "It is a fact that decidedly the most meritorious song of the eight has thus far the least votes of all!", but intends, after the prizes are awarded, to dispute our proposition that Art is not benefited by the enterprise. Well, let us have all that can be said for it—and for the eight songs also.

Mr. HENRY AHNER, with an orchestra which he has organized into a permanent society, is giving concerts every Saturday afternoon in Providence, R. I.... At the last concert of the Philadelphia Philharmonic Society, on the 1st inst., the main attraction was the appearance of the new American Opera Troupe, in which Miss HENRIETTE BEHREND is the prima donna; Mr. HARRISON MILLARD, the tenor; and Mr. BORRANI, (late of the PYNE troupe,) the baritone. They met with much favor.

The Italian Opera at New York closed on Monday evening with an extra performance of *Don Giovanni*; Mme. LAGRANGE was Donna Anna, Miss HENSELER, Elvira, and Mme. BERTUCCA-MARETZKE, Zerlina. It does not appear what is to be done with the Academy of Music, whether the singers are to scatter or re-organize. There is some talk of Mme. Lagrange turning *impresario*; also of her going back to Europe; also of a tour to be made by the troupe to the Lake cities. It is only certain that, as hitherto managed, opera at the Academy is a losing business. In their short flight to Philadelphia and Boston alone money was made. Why should not the whole troupe come here and give us our usual Spring season? But if they do, why can they not give us something new? Say the *Nozze di Figaro*, or at least "William Tell," of which the novelty has not yet been worn off for us?

The Lyons papers tell a very good story. The bedchambers of two wealthy gentlemen, who belong to different social circles, are adjacent, and, as is usual nowadays, thin partitions divided them. One spends all his nights at his club-house never returning home before half-past 5 o'clock in the morning. His neighbor rises at 6 and sits down at once to his piano, which he does not quit until dinner. The former complained to the commissary of police, who laughed in his face, and told him to keep better hours. As he had a lease for six years he could not change his apartment. He thought of sending a challenge to his neighbor; his neighbor was paralyzed in the lower limbs. He had his walls lined with thick hair-matresses, still the "sharps" penetrated into his room. He made his servant play the French horn—his neighbor had him fined by the police: the French horn cannot be played except during the *jours gras*. He made his servant take a hammer and rap against the wall—his neighbor waited until he was tired, and then began to play. He then bought a large hand organ which was sadly out of tune, and ordered a turn-spit which would turn eight days without being wound up, and which he had fitted to the organ. The turn-spit was put in motion, after it and the organ had been placed next the chamber wall. The piano-player bore the organ for nineteen hours; at the end of the time he sent a letter of truce; he was told the club-haunter had gone out of town and wouldn't be back for a week. The pianist sold his lease.... the organ is still going!

Advertisements.

**PROGRAMME
OF THE
FOURTH AFTERNOON CONCERT,
AT THE
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
Wednesday, April 16th, 1856.**

Symphony No. 6.....	Haydn.
Overture: 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Mendelssohn.	
Waltz: 'Magic Sounds,'.....	Wittman.
Aria from 'Ernani,'.....	Verdi.
Horn obligato by M. TROJSTI.	
Allegretto from Eighth Symphony,.....	Beethoven.
Overture: 'Semiramide,'.....	Rossini.

Concert to commence at 8½ o'clock.—Package of six tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$1. Single tickets 25 cents. The Fifth Concert will be given Wednesday, April 23d.

Advertisements.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,
IN AID OF THE GERMAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY,
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This (Saturday) Evening, April 12.

A Full Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. ZERRAHN,—the German Singing Club, "ORPHEUS," led by Mr. KREISSMANN,—Mr. SATTER, Pianist, and Mr. WM. SCHULTE, Violinist, have kindly volunteered their services.

PROGRAMME.**PART I.**

- 1—Overture to the "Freischütz,".....C. M. von Weber.
2—Chorus: "The Young Musicians,".....Kücken.
By the German Singing Club.
3—Fantasia on themes from "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser".....Mr. Gustav Satter.
4—Chorus: "The Bard,".....Silcher.
German Singing Club.
5—Andante of the Fifth Symphony,.....Beethoven.

PART II.

- 1—Overture to the "Magic Flute,".....Mozart.
2—Chorus: "Mine,".....Härel.
German Singing Club.
3—Solo for Violin: "Sounds from Home,".....Styrian Airs.
Mr. Wm. Schulze.
4—"Chorus of Scotch Bards,".....Reiter.
German Singing Club.
5—Overture to "Tannhäuser,".....R. Wagner.

Tickets 50 cents each, to be had at the Music Stores, and of the Committee:—C. H. F. Möring, 39 Commercial Wharf; B. Roelker, 39 Court Street; F. A. Hirsch, 13 Doane Street.

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